DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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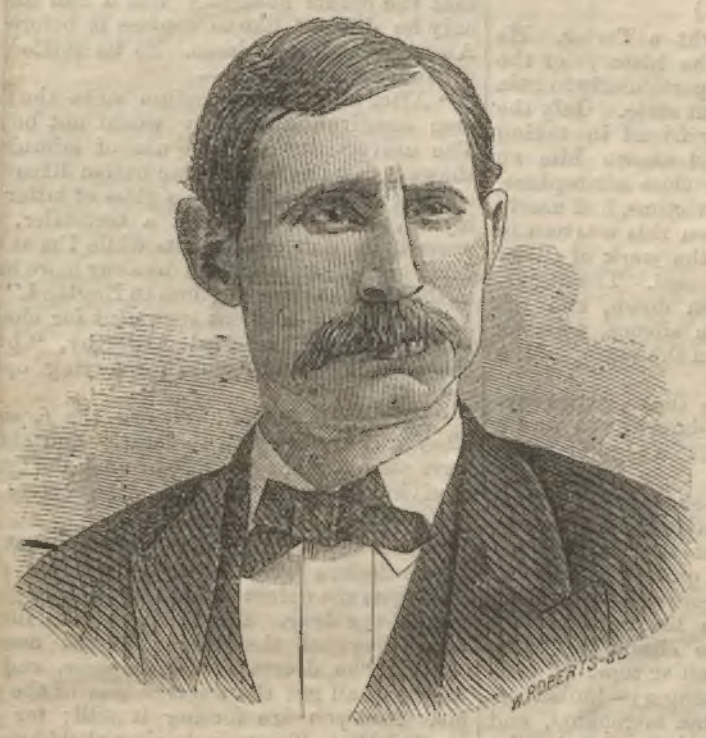
THE HELPING HAND FOR MEN.

To those in danger or trouble nothing is so welcome as a helping hand. Our churches are helping hands to lead men to Christ; the temperance societies are helping hands to lead them to the church. But individuals as well as societies have work to do in this respect, and the romantic history of Mr. Jere McCauley shows how seed sown broadcast may fall into good ground, germinate, and many days after bring forth fruit a hundred fold.



MR. AND MRS. JERE M'CAULEY.

He was born in Ireland of Roman Catholic parents. His father was a counterfeiter, and thus his surrounding were not of the highest class. When but thirteen years old he came to New York and there soon determined to "live by his wits," which means of obtaining a livelihood soon degenerated into that of river-thief. In the latter occupation he spent his nights in stealing from ships in the docks, and his days in disposing of his plunder and carousing. When nineteen he was accused of highway robbery; although innocent of this particular crime, being unable to defend himself, he was sentenced to sixteen years at Sing Sing. His department of prison work was carpet weaving, which was performed in a discontented, sullen and revengeful spirit. His spare time was occupied in reading trashy novels. Orville Gardner, a converted associate in crime, one day visited him, and he was so affected by the kindly words and earnest advice of his former companion that he began to pay attention to the Bible which had long lain untouched in his cell. He found it more fascinating than the novels he had been reading, and read it from beginning to end. There were many things in it which did not agree with what he had been taught to believe; he compared them with the Douay version, and, the sense in both being the same, he concluded that his old religion was a delusion and a snare, and after much mental conflict became converted. He could not then confine his good news to himself, and as a consequence of his efforts many of his fellow convicts were saved. About this time his innocence was made known and he was released. His story for some time after was a sad one. There was no welcome for him in the Protestant churches he visited; temptations surrounded him on every side; he yielded to them and as he himself says became "two-fold worse the child of the devil than he was." Once during this time, while stealing a rope fender from a vessel, the captain fired several shots at him, the bullets whistling past his head. On another occasion, when on the river, the boat he was in upset; while sinking the third time the great question of life presented itself to him and he cried to God for mercy; he rose at once to the surface and his boat, which had been drifting from him, was at his hand to grasp, and he was saved. Although he considered this a miracle he would have continued his nefarious business had not Providence in various ways interposed; at one time he was fully determined to follow it, when his companion in crime was disabled.

His life is now devoted to mission labor amongst the denizens of the Fourth Ward in New York, and being prosecuted with all the energy and spirit of one who feels that all his labor in his Master's service can never be an adequate expression of gratitude to Him, it is eminently successful. His "Helping Hand for Men" in Water street has been the means of doing much good. It knows no other means of support than an abiding faith in God's ability to provide, and it has never yet wanted.

Mrs. McCauley, who like her husband is from the ranks of Fourth Ward life, is also proving a blessing to the locality. From her sex she is able to obtain access to places where men on the same mission could not enter, and by this means has accomplished a vast amount of good, and is in this and all his enterprises a worthy helpmeet for her husband.

TEETOTAL SHOES.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

A young man leaned over the railing of a bridge, looking down into the water, which flowed with a strong steady current onward to the sea. You might have passed without giving him a moment's thought, so like was he to thousands of others seen everywhere in our large cities. His clothing, which had once been flashy, was now dingy and worn, and the hat, still set jauntily upon his head, was stained and battered. He was alone. His boon companions, more fortunate than himself in regard to funds, were preparing for a grand carouse in which he had refused to join because of his poverty. For an hour he stood there, nearly motionless, as one and another hurried by.

At length a familiar voice exclaimed:

"How are you, Dick?"

"Bad enough," was the muttered reply.

"Hope you're not having a fit of the blues. I never have them."

"Shouldn't think you would; I shouldn't if I was in your shoes."

"I'll give you my shoes this minute if they'll do you any good. I've got another pair at home, so I can afford to divide with you. Walk along with me. We don't meet very often lately. I've been on the look-out for you."

"You needn't trouble yourself about me. You and I ain't going the same way."

"I don't know about that. Which way are you going?"

"An't going any way. Chris Palmer, why don't you go along and let me alone?"

"Because that isn't my way. Perhaps I can help you." And the tone of the speaker had not varied from that of the hearty good-nature which characterized his first greeting. There's a storm coming. What are you going to do?"

"Don't know but I shall jump into the river."

"And so give me the trouble of jumping in after you. I should rather not do it this cold evening; but if that's the best way to help you, I won't be too particular."

At this, Dick Redfield turned and gazed full into the face of his friend, who asked laughingly:

"Want my shoes now?"

"Suppose I do?"

"You shall have them on the spot. I used to go barefoot, and I can again. But you must remember that mine are teetotal shoes, that won't walk in the way of the toper. They're too well trained for that. If they'll suit you, you shall have them and welcome; and, Dick, I'd give you a dozen new ones with them if you'd only go my way. Come now, at any rate. Come home with me and see my mother."

"What made you stop to speak to me Chris?"

"Because I wanted to. I don't forget old times as quick as some people do. Come!" And the teetotal shoes walked on keeping step with a pair of slouched boots, whose owner was bitterly ashamed of the contrast.

Mrs. Palmer welcomed Dick in a motherly way, and judging rightly that a thorough ablution would be a luxury, provided him with warm water, soap, and towels; so that when he entered the pleasant kitchen where supper was spread, he was so changed in appearance he would hardly have been recognized. He felt very much as though he had already started in a new way.

Later when the good mother had retired, his friend asked abruptly:

"How are you getting on, Dick?"

"As bad as bad can be," he replied quickly. "I was near desperate when you spoke to me. I didn't know whether to jump into the river or take to stealing. If I'd any show of money, I'd be carousing with the rest. I'm a hard fellow, Chris, but it shan't be any the worse for you because you took me home and gave me a square meal. Now, how are you getting on yourself?"

"Tip-top. I work hard every day, and don't touch tobacco or liquor. Haven't smoked my first cigar yet. Wear teetotal shoes, you know, and a fellow isn't likely to go far wrong with them on his feet."

"Wish I'd been wearing such the last five years. I'd kept out of a good many scrapes if I had. I t'sall luck and chance I didn't get in deeper than ever to-night. There's mischief brewing, and if I'd got on a drunk, I might have had a hand in it."

"I'm thankful I saw you, Dick. Now, if you'll talk out plain to me, I'll try and help you."

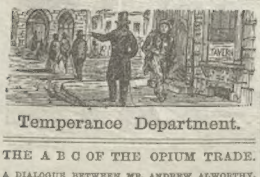
The clock struck one before these two young men separated, and when day dawned, the visitor wondered where he could be, until he saw some well-polished shoes by his bed. Then he remembered his pledge. He had accepted the gift with conditions.

Teetotal shoes for the remainder of his life. Sometimes they seemed too tightly fitting, and sometimes they dragged heavily, yet he would not resign them. They proved his salvation.

Months after, they who had urged him to join them in a night's carouse were sentenced to the State-prison for the crime of burglary. They had not thought thus to end the lives they fancied so free and independent; but, while spurning wholesome restraints, they were slaves to a master whose wages is death. —*Temperance Banner.*

— The tobacco nuisance has become so universal that it is very gratifying to note any successful effort in any quarter to place it under restraint. The American Institute of this city has a fine library and reading-room which latterly has been infested by smokers, regardless of the right of other members resorting to it "not to smoke." At a recent meeting of the Institute a resolution was offered to prohibit smoking in the library. A vigorous fight ensued, numerous amendments were offered, the resolution was called for and read no less than four times, when it was finally adopted, and copies were ordered to be posted in the library. We are glad also to see in the catalogue of Swarthmore College, located near Philadelphia, and founded by the Society of Friends, the following notice to prospective students: "The use of tobacco being strictly prohibited, those addicted to its use, unless prepared to renounce it entirely, should not apply for admission." It would be greatly to the advantage of young men if every college and educational institution in the land would adopt a kindred regulation. Next to that of strong drink, the tobacco scourge is the most annoying, wasteful, and destructive.—*National Temperance Advocate, New York.*

— An effort was lately made before the Supreme Court in San Francisco to obtain a new trial for a person convicted of a State-prison offence on the ground, among other reasons, that the jury who convicted were permitted to have intoxicating liquor in the jury-room during their deliberations. The point was well taken. Any conviction under such circumstances is as likely to be wrong as right, or rather more likely to be wrong. In connection with the court-room, as with the legislative chamber, intoxicating liquors are not unfrequently the source of flagrant corruption and cruel injustice.—*National Temperance Advocate.*



Temperance Department.

THE A B C OF THE OPIUM TRADE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ANDREW ALWORTHY, OF ALBANY, NEW YORK; CAPTAIN BENJAMIN BROADFOOT, OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND; AND MR. CHONG CHEW, OF CANTON, CHINA.

(*From the Family Friend, English.*)

(*Concluded.*)

Mr. Alworthy had caught a Tartar. He knew something about the history of the opium trade, and he wished particularly to gain information about its present state. Only the day before, his missionary friend in taking him round Singapore had shown him an opium-smoking den. The close atmosphere, the wretched aspect of the victims, had nearly sickened him; and now when this was cast in his teeth by a Chinese, as the work of *Christians*, he was fairly non-plussed. The discussion seemed to have broken down, and the two regarded each other in silence, when an unexpected ally appeared on the scene, and a bluff voice called out—

"Hallo! John. What's that you are saying about my cargo? I daresay you own a few chests yourself now; like a pipe besides."

The disputants turned their heads, and there stood the tall, broad-shouldered, genial Captain Broadfoot, who, having come out of his cabin to have a look at the weather and the ship's course, had been quietly listening to the latter part of their conversation. Now Captain Broadfoot had in his time carried many thousands of opium chests to China. The opium trade was a familiar topic of conversation among his passengers—Indian officials, Calcutta and China merchants, and others—as they sat over their wine in the saloon, or smoked their cigars on deck. Captain Broadfoot knew all the ins and outs of the subject, and in his inmost heart had a secret conviction that it was a bad business altogether; but he was not going to confess that to a Chinaman, and he thought the best plan would be to "chaff" him a little and then change the subject. But John Chinaman was too much for him.

"I do nothing in opium myself, captain," he replied. "Nor am I a smoker, though I won't say I have never taken a whiff with a friend out of politeness. But what *I* do, one way or the other, has no bearing on our argument. *I* am not a Christian. We were speaking about the excellent effects of Christianity upon nations; and one of these is, I suppose, that you English are so philanthropic as to make and sell opium to us; although you do not use it yourselves."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the captain bluntly, "you know that's all nonsense. It is purely a matter of commerce. India can produce it cheaply, and you pay a high price for it. It is the law of supply and demand. You can't alter that by your preaching."

"Just what I say," said the imperturbable Chinese; "we agree perfectly. I say Christian people and heathen people are all after money. Take care of Number One—that's the first command. Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest—that's the first law of nature. Everybody wants to get rich, and nobody can throw stones at another. But still I think you can hardly call it *Christian* to go to war with us because our emperor would not let you smuggle contraband opium into my country."

"That's an old tale; let bygones be bygones," said the captain, trying the identical parry which Mr. Alworthy had used. "Besides, you know we didn't go to war only about opium; there were lots of things besides. You Chinese were such a conceited, pig-headed set, we were obliged to knock some common-sense into you. You thought yourselves too good to be looked at, too clever to be spoken to. If your peacocky mandarins, who are all a pack of liars and rascals, had only consented to admit Lord Napier to an audience, depend upon it there would have been no war at all. But they worried the poor fellow to death, and never would listen to his successors: so the two nations drifted into war for want of a little explanation—that's about the long and the short of it."

It was now Chong's turn to be embarrassed. He knew there was a measure of truth in the captain's vehement denunciation of the mandarins; but Mr. Alworthy came to the rescue by saying—

"Ah! captain, I see you are a true John Bull. Great Britain of course is never in the wrong. But a word with you about these irresistible laws of supply and demand you spoke of. We can't interfere, you say, to alter the course of the natural laws of demand and supply. But what do you call it when the British Government absolutely prohibits the growth of the poppy throughout nine-tenths of her Indian territory? Is not that interference with the laws of supply and demand. What do you call it when the British Government usurps for itself the entire manufacture and sale of opium in Bengal? What do you call it when the Indian Treasury deals out sums of lacs of rupees to tempt the poor peasants to the cultivation? Is not that interference with the laws of supply and demand? I must say I have always thought the arguments in favor of your opium trade more ingenious than honest."

Captain B. winced at this. If there was anything he prided himself upon, it was upon a fearless, straightforward sincerity. He knew that at bottom he had more than a misgiving that the opium monopoly was a bad thing: only he did not like to confess it before an American and a Chinese. So he shifted his ground, and suggested—

"After all I suppose opium suits the Chinese constitution, or they would not buy it. The universality of the use of stimulants shows it to be natural. One nation likes one, another another. I enjoy a glass of bitter ale myself, though I'm almost a teetotaler, and never touch a drop of spirits while I'm at sea. I don't suppose that opium does any more harm to the Chinese than gin does in England."

"That is an excellent argument for closing your ginshops," retorted Alworthy, "but I can't see it is any excuse for forcing opium upon China."

"Forcing it indeed! Where's the *forcing?* They are only too glad to get it. You should have seen how they crowded round the opium receiving ships in the old days before the last war."

"I daresay," returned the other, "that the opium-dealers were eager enough for their profits, as the opium-sots were for their quantum of the drug. But the trade was illegal. You smuggled the drug into the country against the decree of the emperor, and the wishes of all but the worst classes of the people. And you are forcing it still; for your boasted Elgin Treaty is simply upheld by your gunboats and ironclads."

"I grant you that. They hate us like poison," said the captain; "they would out all our throats to-morrow and fling us into the sea if they could. Wouldn't they, John?"

Chong, thus appealed to, was compelled to speak, and he tried to moderate the captain's notion of the hostility of his countrymen. "The people in the interior are very ignorant," he said, "and hardly know whether foreigners are men or demons. The trading classes have no wish to lose such good customers. But I grant you that the mandarins and *literati* hate all foreigners, and would gladly exclude them if they could. And really I do not see they are much to be blamed. China has been sinking lower and lower, until now she has been obliged to *kowtow* to Japan. And it is opium which in no small degree helps to drag her down."

Captain Broadfoot felt that the day was going against him, and so called upon his reserve to make the last charge. "Look here, John!" he exclaimed. "It's all very well for your hypocritical mandarins to pretend to be so virtuous, when three-fourths of them are guilty themselves of the very vice they condemn. Besides, every one knows that you are now growing the poppy all over China. You manufacture at home almost or quite as much as you get from abroad. The only difference is that you make a bad article and we sell you a good one."

"I don't know what you mean by bad and good," answered Chong; "but if you mean that Indian opium is about twice as poisonous as our inferior Chinese article, I grant you are right. But I confess with sorrow that the cultivation of the poppy has spread alarmingly during the last ten years. If there should come a famine in China, such as you recently had in Bengal, the poor will die by millions. But there is this excuse for our Government. While they are compelled to admit it from abroad, they cannot consistently chop off people's heads for growing it at home."

"Yes," struck in Mr. Alworthy—"you read the letter which Prince Kung and Wensiang wrote to Sir Rutherford Alcock. Captain! if that does not make the blood come into your face, Englishmen are colder-hearted and thicker-skinned than I take them to be. But I know you better. I know you are not sincere in defending this odious traffic. It's only that you don't like to lower your flag before a Yankee and a Chinaman. Come, now, don't you?"

Captain Broadfoot pished and pshawed—fidgeted about—shouted to the man at the wheel, "How's her head?" "East by half Nor," replied the steersman. "Keep her so," said the captain. He then took a turn or two upon the deck, felt for the wind, and gave orders that the jib should be set. At last he came back, made an effort—swallowed the bitter pill—and said in a frank tone, "I tell you what; I don't like this opium trade one whit more than you do. But the fact is we can't do without the money. I have discussed the matter with lots of Indian officers in my time. Mess you, I once was yard-arm to yard-arm with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal himself. I fired into him every one of the arguments you have been pelting me with. And what do you think was his final reply? Every pound weight of opium introduced into China represents a pound sterling to the Indian Treasury. Six millions a year! Think of that. Why, we hold India with those six millions. Just suppose our fifty millions of revenue cut down to near forty, how could we maintain our fifty thousand bayonets in India? It was the money he contended for—nothing else. 'Show me,' said he, 'any feasible way of raising six millions without opium, and Indian officials with all be as glad as you to get rid of it.' For my own part I cannot stomach that argument. I say if we cannot hold India without degrading ourselves to be panderers to Chinese vice, the sooner we pack up and take ourselves out of India the better. But I don't believe a word of it. India can well afford to pay for her own government, if only it be economically administered."

"True," replied Alworthy. "Govern India wisely and righteously, and you can easily manage to do without some of those fifty thousand bayonets you spoke of. I have just been spending several months in India. It is a splendid empire, and England may well be proud of it. The Englishmen I met there, civilians and military officers, are a noble set of fellows, with some exceptions of course. But you must do your work cheaper there, captain. You must employ natives at 50 rupees a month where you now employ Englishmen at 500. You must reconcile yourself to the inevitable displacement of English officials by native, until all but the very highest grade are men of the land. Trust the Hindoos, and they will trust you. No fear of that. And as for this lamentable opium business, remember we have the highest authority for saying "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to"——Clang, clang, clang, clang——the vociferous dinner-bell here interrupted Mr. Alworthy's oration. Captain Broadfoot was glad of the excuse for hurrying into his cabin to touch up his hair before descending to the saloon. Alworthy and his Chinese friend made their way downstairs together—and every turn of the screw carried the eleven hundred and thirty chests of opium which lay in the dark hold below their feet some yards nearer to China.

F. S. T.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE HABITUAL DRUNKARD.

It is surely more than time that the humane agitation on behalf of the dipsomaniac, so prematurely interrupted by political changes, and especially by the lamented death of its greatest promoter, Dr. Dalrymple, were energetically resumed. The article in the last *Quarterly* is at once an occasion and a favorable omen for resuming the problem.

It is well known that Dr. Dalrymple, at his own expense, paid a visit to America, and personally visited nine institutions of the kind still desiderated on this side of the water. By a happy thought he secured the consent of two of the foremost medical heads of these sanataria to cross the Atlantic and give their evidence to the Select Committee he had obtained, and which sat shortly after his return. That entire body of evidence is of the most varied and valuable character. It sweeps the entire field, and converges, as we shall directly see, to a plain practical point.

Meanwhile let us recall the present state of the question, considered as a public movement. Dr. Dalrymple's bill had been read a first time, and was put down for a second reading early in 1873, when the resignation of Mr. Gladstone for the time led to an adjournment of the House of Commons. The result was the postponement of the measure till next year. In the interim Dr. Dalrymple died; then followed the political changes which led to a "publican's parliament," and brought the movement for a time to a condition of collapse. But its suspension could not be long. Last summer, in the month of July, a deputation, headed by Sir Thomas Watson, and consisting of the most eminent physicians of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, waited on the Home Secretary with a memorial, urging the great need for legal control over habitual drunkards, both for their own protection and that of their families, and recalling the terms in which Parliament had already committed themselves to the principle. Mr. Cross could, of course, but hear, and say, in the circumstances, as little as he could. This, however, could only be a staving-off of the evil day; for the facts are now too well established, and set forth in too clear a light, to admit of much temporizing.

That article, said to be from the pen of Lady Eastlake, in the last number of the *Quarterly*, devotes large space to this question, and is of a very exhaustive and earnest purport. Indeed, outside the Report itself to the Select Committee on Habitual Drunkards with its able, awful, and thrilling details of evidence, we cannot recall any presentation of the case and of the argument that is more complete, and put with more power and pathos, than it is in this article. Is it an indication to its Conservative readers that the time has arrived when something must be done? Is the Master of Phrases, and the Schoolmaster of his party, about to educate his followers up to "the height of this great argument," and introduce a measure of the kind desired? The Sphinx himself best knows. One thing we venture to predict, if he has not yet thought of the matter, it is time he were educating himself; for at no distant date the waves of agitation will be laving his feet.

The whole matter has now shaped itself to a clear and practical issue. The philosophy both of comparative failure here and of encouraging success in America lies in the universally admitted principle that prolonged and, therefore, compulsory detention at the sanatarla, is absolutely indispensable in order to cure. This precisely is what America has, and what we still want. The *rationale* of the case is clear as the sun at noon. A morbid effect has been produced upon the brain which only time can remedy. A long continued physiological process of renewal and repair must take place before that demoniac craving for alcoholic stimulants which constitutes the peculiarity of dipsomania can be eradicated. So long as that vitiated condition of the cerebral substance remains, no influence whether of morality, fear, hope, or natural affection is of the least avail. All is dominated and tyrannized over by the one sovereign and imperious craving for strong drink. The delicate, well-born well-educated, well-bred lady, who in her healthful intervals will be found as answerable to considerations of propriety and self-respect as her neighbors, will lie like a heathen when possessed by the dipsomaniac demon. "I have had the most solemn assurances," says Dr. Peddie, "that not a drop of liquor had crossed their lips, when they could not have walked across the floor—that not a drop was in their houses, when I could find bottles of liquor wrapped up in stockings, and in other articles of clothing; concealed in trunks and wardrobes; put up the chimneys, and under beds, and between mattresses; and on occasions, in the case of a lady, after all means had failed in discovering the cause of the continued intoxication, on making a strict personal investigation a bottle of brandy was found concealed in the arm-pit, hung round the neck with an elastic cord, so that she might help herself when she pleased." Need more be said in proof of the absolute necessity of legal powers to secure, under proper safeguards, the control of the helpless dipsomaniac, and to secure prolonged detention till there be time to effect a cure?

It is by virtue of these powers that the American institutions have achieved many and important cures. It is for the want of these that the drink maniac is sent, or voluntarily goes, to our British asylums, to leave them after a brief interval, and relapse into their old ways; so that the best intentions and ablest methods of the benevolent heads of these establishments are hopelessly baffled, and the still enthroned demon in the brain "grins horribly a ghastly smile," and condescends to play with his subject a game at hide and seek!—*League Journal.*

"THE DEVIL'S CHAIN."—A lady writing in the *Christian World* about "The Devil's Chain," says:—Almost any other abuse or social delinquency needs only to be demonstrated to receive universal execration, when if the idler portion of the community and their exertions with their talk and are not actively useful in reformatory movement. Intemperance stands alone in being a vice that is not unfrequently winked at and fostered by foolish arguments that no one really believes to be valid. The work of an M. P. will naturally attract attention; and from this point of view we rejoice to find a man of public position boldly stepping forward to raise a warning voice against an overt evil. The power such a writer may exercise is immense either for good or evil, and the people of this country may be thankful as they see one after another of its chosen leaders standing up manfully for the right, and denouncing the sin that is sheltered and abetted by all the influence and power of selfish interests vested in a traffic which becomes too often immoral and disastrous.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.—The *Church at Work*, Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor, in a recent rallying temperance article, declares: "It is high time that non-committal Christians get down off the fence." It also says: "What to do with the advocates of the liquor-traffic we know. We shall fight them to the bitter end. But what to do with those men who sit astraddle the fence on this subject we know not." What *shall* be done with the "astraddle" obstructionist? "Would thou wert cold or hot."

Scientific Department

SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATION OF FUTURE SETTLEMENTS.

(The following article is contributed to the Canadian News by Herr Von Klenze, of Munich, Editor of the Ackerbau-Zeitung.)

In unknown countries a geographical exploration mostly precedes the culture pushed forward from its boundaries. This kind of exploration occupies itself with climate, geology, and topography, but leaves the important question of ability for culture untouched. If such a district ought to be settled and cultivated with the greatest possible speed a geographical exploration is not enough; one must be able to give the would-be settlers a certain amount of advice based upon actual experience to ensure them against loss. This experience cannot be collected by practice fast enough, science must be called to help, even if some may smile at this who have not much respect for science, because they do not understand anything about it. It cannot be repeated often enough that there can never be a difference of opinion between practice and science; it only so seems sometimes, but then invariably wrong deductions or incomplete consideration of circumstances have been used on one side.

An example of the facility and rapidity with which the productiveness of a soil can be determined by science occurred to me last year, and I must write it here. In Upper Bavaria lies a lake fifteen miles long, and, on the average, one broad, whose surface lies seven feet deeper in 1869 by digging a canal. The object was to lay dry about 1,000 acres of swampy meadows, and to reclaim over 400 acres heretofore covered by the lake. The whole work had cost £7,400, which is rather a large sum for the peasants who undertook this grand improvement, as these people in Upper Bavaria have very little ready money, and have lived for generations from hand to mouth. Well, the lake was drained, and everybody was expecting astounding results. The new land was tilled and sown, and—nothing grew, not one ear ripened; the drained meadows which had, when wet, given a liberal yield of coarse grass, used for litter, brought nothing at all! The greatest dismay prevailed. Everybody accused the other, the whole—in itself laudable—undertaking got into discredit, and it was a sore subject in the whole district. This state of affairs lasted until spring, 1875, when a friend told me about it, whereupon I resolved to have a look at it. I found that the cultivation of the reclaimed land had entirely ceased, and only some of the meadows received stable manure and well repaid it. The affair began to interest me, and I went on a tour round the lake to settle its geological formation. I found the lake to lie in a bed of minerals (molasse) consisting almost entirely of carbonate of lime. I took samples of the soil in two places where larger tracts of land had been left uncovered by the receding lake, and analyzed them. No. 1, being much the same with No. 2, consisted of

	No. 1	
Sand	5.59	per cent.
Silicates	4.72	"
Oxide of iron	1.97	"
Carbonate of lime	84.25	"
Carbonate of Magnesia	4.01	"
Alkalies	0.14	

Here was the solution of the whole mystery: phosphoric acid and kali missing almost entirely, besides only 7.97 per cent. of organic matter, therefore very little nitrogen. Under such circumstances no plant can grow fully or bear seed. This fact, which practice took months to prove, was proved by science in a few days, and then practice had not said why, while science showed clearly that it could not be otherwise; and, last, practice had not told me what I could do on a piece of this reclaimed land and planted thirty separate squares with six kinds of crops and different kinds of manures, leaving one square of each crop unmanured. The unmanured crops did not yield one grain, the manured were as heavy as ever grown in that district. The results were astounding, and the crops shown at the agricultural exhibition of Munich in October, 1875, earned the general admiration and a prize medal. The Bavarian Government was also so much struck with them that it ordered a continuation of the experiments, which says a good deal—in Bavaria. The meadows, which had been soaked with water before, did not yield, as I have said, any grass after they were laid dry. Science could also have said, beforehand, this must come so, because the grasses which grow with their roots continually in water cannot exist without it, and for better grasses the humic acids in the soil, formed by the decomposition of the roots of the first, is destructive. Therefore the humid acids must be neutralized before cultivation, and this is easily done by carting on these meadows the lime of the reclaimed land. The losses in the years from 1869 to 1874, occasioned by not consulting science, and thereby losing the produce of the reclaimed land and the meadows, may be calculated by any one! I will not further dwell upon this experiment, but I hope it satisfactorily proves that science did in one season what would have been in such cheapness and perfection impossible to obtain by practice alone.

It is the same thing with a district which is to be settled and whose soil and capabilities are not known. Is the poor immigrant to spend his few shillings for this experience necessary for his thriving, or ought the Government to provide for it, as it is of importance to ensure prosperity to a settlement? The answer is, according to our views, not difficult. By an expedition to a newly opened district a scientific man well versed in agricultural chemistry can find whether a settlement there promises the necessary conditions for a thriving future and advise the best way of cultivation, and so found a basis from which the work may be pushed with security.

POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES.

The recent disaster at Bremerhaven, Germany, in which so many persons lost their lives, calls public attention to the great danger attending all explosive preparations in which nitro-glycerine is the active ingredient.

Dynamite, called giant powder (infusorial earth and nitro-glycerine), dualin (sawdust saturated with nitro-glycerine and saltpetre), litho-fracteur (dynamite with coal, soda, saltpetre, and sulphur), vulcan powder (a product similar to litho-fracteur), rend-rock, and many other compounds before the public under various names, which derive their explosive force from nitro-glycerine, are especially dangerous, and should not be allowed to be stored or transported, except under special conditions; for although, when freshly made, they are not so liable to explode by friction or slight concussion as the terrible liquid to which they owe their potency, they are all of them exceedingly sensitive to decomposition, excited by change in temperature which is followed by generation of heat, and is the forerunner of spontaneous combustion.

Professor Draper, in one of his works on popular science, states that Nobel was led to the experiments from which resulted dynamite by the fearful explosions of nitro-glycerine at Aspinwall, San Francisco, Sydney, North Wales, and elsewhere; and he adds that M. Guyot, a French chemist, has shown that the nitro-glycerine may exude from its absorbent, and saturating the paper of the cartridges and boxes, reassume the state in which it is readily exploded by a slight blow.

Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, pungent, aromatic taste, produces a violent headache if placed upon the tongue or even allowed to touch the skin at any point; thus those working with it or its compounds suffer excruciating pain. It also freezes at a very high temperature (39° to 40° Fah.); and before being used it must, if it has to be thawed out in order to explode it. This operation, on all the compounds alluded to, causes the nitro-glycerine to exude, and if they are not quickly used, decomposition is liable to set in. And if once the absorbent yields up its nitro-glycerine, and the compound becomes moist, it will explode by a slight jar or shock. (See W. N. Hill, "On Certain Explosives.")

At this time, when engineering operations of vast extent are in progress and in contemplation, it is useless to expect that the employment of such materials, dangerous as they are, will ever be discontinued; and it becomes the duty of scientific men to look for some more controllable explosive. Such a preparation is found in pulp-compressed gun cotton, whose density is 62 lbs. per cubic foot, and it is considered six times as strong as gunpowder.

Vast strides have been made in improving this material by Professor Abel, of England, in the last few years; and his patent process enables him, it is stated, to manufacture it with perfect safety, and to transport one explode it in a wet state, and even store it under water without deterioration.

The English War Department recently appointed a special commission, composed of nine well known officers and gentlemen, to enquire into the whole system of manufacturing, storing, and using the different known explosives. In arranging the substances in the order of relative danger, they gave them thus: Nitro-glycerine, gunpowder, dynamite, litho-fracteur, and, lastly, compressed gun cotton. "The investigation," writes a member of this special commission to the London *Times*, in April of this year, "was entered upon with a certain amount of prejudice against gun cotton, arising from the catastrophe which occurred at Stowmarket in the year 1871. A careful enquiry into the circumstances, however, conclusively showed that it was not the result of accident, but that it was caused by the wilful and malicious act of some person, possibly not aware of the grave consequences of this criminal proceeding." "I feel," the writer continues, "that any one will read the able and exhaustive report of Major Majendie, R.A., on this subject, must arrive at this conclusion;" and he further adds that "the improved gun cotton is manufactured by an entirely wet process throughout, the last stage being the formation of disks or cylinders of various diameters by hydraulic pressure, in which state they contain 18 per cent. of moisture, which is increased by the addition of water to 25 per cent. for the purpose of securing uniformity and a larger margin of safety, and because the gun cotton in this state can still be exploded, but only under special conditions applied by an expert. This fact was not known till some time after the date of the explosion referred to, it then being the practice to dry the disks and to store and transport them in that condition. In that state gun cotton cannot be exploded by any collision, however violent, even by a rifle bullet lodged in it; nor even inflamed, unless it is enclosed in strong hermetically sealed cases, so that it might be transported by railway if some simple precautions were taken. In the damp state, as exclusively offered for transport, and without the appliances alluded to above, it cannot even be ignited, much less exploded, either by a spark, by heat, by friction, or by a collision, even if it resulted in the extreme case of the contents of a locomotive fire box being emptied upon a truck full of gun cotton; while, if exploded surreptitiously, it must be the act of a skilled malefactor, provided with the necessary appliances for dry gun cotton, waterproof materials, special detonators, patent fuse, or electrical apparatus, and thoroughly acquainted with the *modus operandi*."

The result of the English investigation caused England, Germany, and France to adopt the use of gun cotton for torpedoes, submarine mining, and in the water shell, the three former governments manufacturing their own, and France has made a large contract with a company (manufacturing under Abel's process in England) to supply it. Walter N. Hill, chemist to the U. S. Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., in his "Notes on Certain Explosive Agents," in speaking of gun cotton, says: "By the method of Abel, a perfect washing is obtained; and in addition, the material is prepared in a form convenient to use and yet perfectly safe. For blasting, demolitions, torpedoes, etc., the pulp-compressed gun cotton is an admirable agent. Wet compressed gun cotton is the safest of all explosive agents; it is not liable to be fired by a spark or a flame, nor affected by blows, friction, or other rough handling. The transportation of gun cotton presents no special difficulties, since there is no danger of leakage, neither is it sensitive to blows. In England, many of the railroads transport it as readily as other freight."

In selecting an explosive, and considering its relative and disadvantages, too often the health of the employees is taken least into consideration. The smoke from gunpowder is deleterious in the air of mines, and the headache caused by the fumes of nitro-glycerine, or even by touching it or any of its compounds, must be most injurious to the health. Dr. Angus Smith, F. R. S., in his report to the English Parliament, says, in reference to gun cotton, that, owing to its freedom from smoke: "In every trial in which the effect on the senses, or the breathing, and, as far as we can judge, on health, was considered, gun cotton has come off with the highest character. I feel much confidence in speaking thus highly in its favor."

The value of life and health should be considered by all those who have it more or less intrusted to their power, as in the case of mining operations, where the owners or managers decide upon what explosive shall be used on their works; and if this age of progression and enlightenment, we feel justified in calling attention to Professor Abel's much-needed invention, which has been tested and vouched for by so many high authorities.

ORIGIN OF THE SPICES.—Nutmeg is the kernel of a small, smooth peach-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in Moluccas Islands, and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year, and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg, or kernel, is a bright brown shell. This shell has a soft scarlet covering, which, when flattened out and dried, is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when pricked with a pin. Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best. Cinnamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old. Cloves—native to the Moluccas Islands, and so called from resemblance to a nail. The East Indians call them "changkok," from the Chinese "Techengkia," (fragrant nails). They grow on a straight smooth-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they are quite unfolded. Allspice—berry so called because it combines the odor of several spices—grows abundantly on the beautiful allspice or bay-berrytree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of berries. They are purple when ripe. Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berries of a climbing vine native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries, freed from their husk or rind. Red or cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed-vessel of a tropical plant that is now cultivated in all parts of the world.

RESUSCITATION.—Midwinter and midsummer are alike favorable to drowning accidents, and in view of the present skating season we print the following very plain directions from the Massachusetts Humane Society: 1. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot. 2. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils. 3. Hold the body, for a few seconds only, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe. 4. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest. 5. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief, it will not slip. 6. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing, forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter and expand them to the full capacity of the chest. Remember that this is the most important step of all. To do it readily, lay the person on his back, with a cushion, pillow, or some firm substance, under his shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands over the lower part of the breastbone and the upper part of the abdomen, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure twenty or thirty times a minute. A pressure of thirty pounds may be applied with safety to a grown person. 7. Rub the limbs with the hands or with dry cloths constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm. 8. As soon as the person can swallow, give some warm coffee or tea. 9. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.

—Christian Union.

PAPER QUILTS.—Just one word on the use of paper quilts. They obviate the use of too large a weight of blankets and bed-clothes, which in itself often banishes sleep. I do not know whether they are sold anywhere, but they ought to be. They would indeed be a boon to the poor. They consist of one or any sort of thickish tough paper, and sewn on to a common bed-quilt, or, better still, use them as we did in Greenland. We always sewed them between two blankets, and found them invaluable. "Dead, indeed, your 'anar,' said an Irish shipmate of mine, who had been round Spitzbergen way, in the "Perseverance" (of Peterhead), "cowld wasn't any name for it. If it hadn't been for a paper blanket, I believe, sur, I'd have died iviry blissed night av my life."—*Cassells Family Magazine for January.*

INSANITY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Dr. Walker of the Insane Asylum in South Boston, is not very cheering in his statements about the increase of insanity. He says that, notwithstanding the large additional accommodations which will be afforded by the completion of the new State asylum at Danvers, two years hence, there will be by that time enough patients to fill that, and crowd to their utmost capacity all the other asylums of the State. If this statement is, as we suppose it is, based upon facts, it indicates such a rapid increase of insanity as should alarm the community, especially those who are the leaders, teachers and directors of the people. Our modern pace is terrible, and we need a great revival of religion to moderate it.—*Congregationalist.*

—A case is reported from Chicago of a little girl who was seriously poisoned by wearing colored stockings. It appears by the report of the analytical chemist by whom the stockings were afterward examined that their scal brown color was produced by the use of picric acid, which is poisonous, and soluble in water. It is probable that the poisonous effect was increased by warmth, causing perspiration.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

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(From the Sunday Magazine.)

"Then go to the pump and get it out again," answered his mother, sharply. "What were you doing to make him throw the ink-bottle at you? If your brother was in the wrong, do you think that makes you right?" And, loving to be impartial in the justice that she distributed, Mrs. Mason advanced to her youngest son, and cuffed him on both sides of his head

Jack had received his punishment in silence, but Bill when he was boxed roared, and went roaring from the room; and then Mrs. Mason, with her spirit up and her hand well in, turned round to Janet.

"And what are you doing? You're at the bottom of it all, I've no doubt," she said. "What —you haven't mended any? You've just been idling and quarrelling? Take that, then, for your idling." And if Mrs. Mason boxed Janet's ears less sharply than she had boxed Jack's and Bill's, at any rate the child got a blow that made her checks tingle for half an hour afterwards.

You see Mrs. Mason's system of education was a very simple one. She was a woman with much work and many cares upon her shoulders; was it not natural that she should not be fond of wasting time when her children took to quarrelling in trying to find out which amongst them was most in the wrong? Was it not so much easier to punish them alike all round?

"Why, if I was to try to get to the bottom of it every time they took to fighting with one another, I'd be worn to a thread-paper," she would often say; and I am afraid there is little doubt that she would, for three boys who did more in the way of quarrelling with one another than Dick and Jack and Bill you scarcely could have found in a long summer's day. No two of them were ever together for ten minutes but they began to spar, or to tease one another, or to fight.

"I should think you must get tired of it," Janet said one day hesitatingly to Jack, having considered the matter a great deal in her grave little mind, without having reached any satisfactory conclusion concerning the advantages of it.

"Get tired of it?" repeated Jack, opening his eyes, and not in the least knowing what she meant.

"Yes—don't you?"

"I don't know what in the world you're talkin' of," said Jack.

"I mean, you—you're alwy s fighting together."

"Well?" enquired Jack, not seeing how any rational person could object to such a natural occupation.

"But it seems so odd."

"Odd to fight? I think it would seem much odder not to fight. You can't know, of course," said Jack, in a tone of supreme contempt: "you're only a girl; but they'd be rum boys, I think, who didn't do it."

"But you do it so much," Janet ventured to suggest.

"We don't do it a bit more than we need," said Jack. "You should see the boys at school. Then you might talk! But you're such a baby. If anybody looks at you you're ready to cry out. I wouldn't be a girl for something!" cried Jack with unction, and with a beautiful frankness, and he gave Janet such a look of scorn that she felt quite abashed and hung her head,

After that day when Jack threw the ink-bottle at Bill's head, Janet sometimes in her troubles, when the others were rough to her, or were teasing her, would turn to Jack; she would feel a certain faint sense of protection in being near him. She was very affectionate, and she had so little here to care for that there were moments when she almost felt as if she liked him. She said to him one day—

"I wish you had come to see us once, Jack, while papa was alive. I think it would have been so nice. I do think you would have liked it."

She was sitting when she made this speech looking at Jack as he cut out a boat from a bit of wood.

"H'm—I don't know. Perhaps I should," replied Jack, condescendingly.

"It was so pretty. And you would have liked papa."

"Oh, well, I'm not so sure of that. Parsons are queer coves. They're not much in my line," said Jack, cautiously.

"Oh, but he was so kind. Nobody could have helped liking him."

"It's best to be on the safe side," said Jack, with a knowing wink. "I daresay he was all right, but it's a chance if we'd have pulled together. Besides, there would have been such a lot of church-going, you know."

"You needn't have gone to church more than once if you hadn't liked it," said Janet, meekly. "But of course it's no use talking of it all now. Only nobody knows how nice it was," and then the poor little voice shook, and the tears rose up to the child's eyes.

"Well, I daresay it did seem queer at first when it was all up, and you had to come here. I don't know that I should have liked it myself," said Jack; "that's to say, not for a bit. But I shouldn't think you'd like to go back to the country now."

"What! not like to go back?" cried Janet, with her face flushing and her grey eyes opening wide.

"No; you'd find it ever so stupid."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Why, what would you do if you were there this minute?"

"What should I do?" She paused to think for a moment or two. It was the afternoon of a September day—a warm day with a deep blue sky. "Perhaps I might be in a wood gathering nuts, or I might have gone to see them milk the cows at the Rectory, or perhaps Mrs. Jessop might have lent me her little pony, as she sometimes did, and I should be having a ride—oh, Jack, such a lovely ride across the fields. I know exactly where I would go. I would go past the church and over the meadows, on and on till I came to the great pine wood. And then I would let my pony loose a little (he was so quiet he never used to run away), and perhaps I would go blackberry gathering over the common Perhaps I should have taken a basket with me, and I would bring it back all full of blackberries."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder that it might be rather jolly," said Jack thoughtfully, with a mind open to conviction. "I'd like the riding, and the blackberry getting, and all that. I'd like to go bird-nesting too; that's fun."

"Y—es, I suppose it is," said Janet, faintly.

"I went bird-nesting out at Hendon one day last year," said Jack; and then he proceeded with much unction to give Janet a minute and lively account of this expedition; and poor little Janet listened, and had not the courage to speak out the thoughts about it that were in her mind. For, of course, to her—loving, as she did, every little feathered creature that sang—this amusement of Jack's seemed a sorrowful and cruel thing.

"I never took any birds out of their nests; I—I never cared to do it," she just said timidly once. "I like so much better to have them in the trees."

"Oh, bother the trees," exclaimed Jack, contemptuously.

"What I'd like to do best would be to snare them. I shouldn't mind being a bird-catcher for a bit. I could make such a lot of money that way. Think of coming in with a whole sackful of birds!"

"But surely nobody puts birds in a sack?" cried Janet in a tone of horror.

"Don't they though! What else could you do with them when you catch such a lot? They stuff them in one after another."

"Oh Jack!"

"It's a fact. You ask anybody. Why, that's the fun of the thing."

"But they must get suffocated?"

"So they do—some of them. You've got to take your chance of that. There's sure to be more alive than dead. What you do is to catch a bag full of them, and then the man at the shop gives you so much for the lot, and you tumble them all out into a cage."

"Oh, poor little things!"

"Well, I must say it's pretty hard lines for them, but that's their look-out. There's an awful scrimmage sometimes when they get into the cage. You can fancy it—can't you? Just think —two or three score of birds put into a cage not that size. And then—when they get their food——! Why, they fight so, and they're jammed so close that sometimes—sometimes after a night of it—there's nine-tenths of them dead. But that's bad management," said Jack, severely. "I say, if it's worth your while to buy birds, it's worth your while to keep them alive."

"But, Jack," said Janet, with the saddest face," I think you're trying to deceive me. Do you really mean that people are so dreadfully cruel to the poor little birds?"

"Oh—cruel?—that's all stuff. They can't help it—at least, not most of it. I think, for their own sake," said Jack, with an air of wisdom, "that they ought to give them a little more room."

"But it seems so dreadful."

"It ain't a bit more dreadful than other things. It all depends on what you're used to."

"But the birds never can be used to being packed in bags."

"Oh, I ain't thinking of the birds. I mean it don't seem dreadful to the people who do it. It's right enough for them to do it, if it's got to be done," said Jack, with an off-hand philosophy that was, I am afraid, too much for Janet's understanding.

And, in truth, I fear in this new life of hers there were many things too much for Janet's understanding. There was so much that seemed strange to her—so much that jarred with the teaching of her early years. She did not indeed argue about it. She came by degrees to accept it all patiently, as children so often do; but, unconsciously to herself, as she grew used to it, every spark of brightness, every touch of warmth, died out of her little life. She had not much spirit, you see, this poor, little, lonely Janet.

CHAPTER VII.

T was a hot September day, and the closeness of the weather had perhaps tried Mrs Mason's temper, for all the morning she had been more than usually hard to please, and Janet had had a hard time with her, and had been cuffed, snubbed and rated till her poor little head had got all in a daze, and till she was in such fright that she broke two dinner plates, and upset a can of water, and let the potatoes boil over into the fire, all in the course of the last hour before dinner.

She had come to her seat at the dinner table after these exploits with her eyes red with crying, and Dick and Bill, who sat opposite to her at the banquet, had wiled away the moments before their plates were set before them by making faces at her across the table-cloth, and pointing the fingers of scorn at her—a playful attention which had so little the effect of raising her spirits that she began to eat her boiled mutton with the big tears rolling slowly down her cheeks.

There are some days, you know, on which everything seems to go wrong with us, and I am afraid this was a day of that sort with Janet. Do what she would, she could not keep out of trouble, and as the hours passed on matters got only worse, for she had begun by breaking plates and upsetting water-jugs, but before the afternoon was over she had ended by doing about the most serious and dreadful thing that she had ever done in all her life. This was how it came about:—

Her aunt wanted to pay a bill, and sent her out to get some change. She had been sent for change on other days before this one. Sometimes Mrs. Mason had given her a sovereign, sometimes half-a-sovereign, to run out with to one of the shops at hand, and get silver for, and she had always brought back the silver correctly, without ever losing a sixpence of it; but on this particular afternoon it was not change only for a sovereign that Mrs. Mason wanted. She had no small money in the house at all, and she sent Janet out to get change for a five-pound note. She gave the note into the child's hand, and told her to hold it fast, for if she lost it it would be the worst day's work she ever did; and as she said this she took Janet by the shoulders and shook her, and then gave her a little shove out into the street; and Janet, clutching the note with all her might, ran without stopping to the shop where she had been told to go, and stretched her small hand out across the counter, with hardly breath enough left to speak her errand.

"If you please, sir—Mrs. Mason says—would you give her change—for a five-pound note?" she said.

"Why, you've run yourself out of breath, little woman," said the man behind the counter, good-naturedly. "Oh yes, I'll give you change. Here's your money—one, two, three, four, five. Now hold it all tight, and trot away home again."

So Janet said, "Thank you, sir," and picked up her five golden pieces, and turned to go home again, grasping them fast.

But, at the shop door, as the shopman handed the change to her, there had been an ill-looking man standing, whom Janet had not noticed, and as she went fast down the street again she never knew that he was following her. He followed her along the main busy thoroughfare, and watched her as she turned into the not-much-frequented street in which her aunt's house stood, and then, suddenly quickening his step, he walked past her, and in an instant, before she could either struggle or cry out, she found the hand that had grasped the money so tight wrenched open, and the whole five sovereigns gone.

It was done so rapidly that it took her breath away; for two or three moments she stood gasping: the man had rushed past her and had almost turned a corner before, bewildered as she was, she moved or screamed, or tried to get any help. She screamed loudly enough then, poor little soul, and began to run too with all her might; but there was scarcely anybody near her, and long before the few passers-by (there was no policeman in sight) had succeeded in finding out from her what had happened, the man who had got her money had had time enough to escape securely—three times over, if he had pleased.

Poor little Janet! She stood with half a dozen people round her, wildly sobbing as if her heart would break. One eager young man had gone flying down the street shouting "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice, but as he had not waited long enough to hear the direction that the thief had taken, and his instinct had led him in a direction at right angles with it, the chances of his capturing him were not great.

The others stood about her, questioning her.

"Took your money, did he?" said one. "Why, that's a bad job!"

"A man with a light coat, did you say?" asked another. "Are you sure he had on a light coat? because I saw a man just as I turned the corner——"

"What, all the change of a five-pound note? Well, well that is too bad! Five sovereigns! Dear! dear!" cried a kindly-looking old gentleman, standing over Janet, and holding up his hands. "You'll never see them again; I'm afraid you may make up your mind to that, my dear. No, no, no,—there's nothing for it but to go home now, and tell your mother. She can speak to the police, of course, but you'll never set eyes on the fellow again. Where do you live? What, here in this street? Well, run away in, run away in and ask your mother not to scold you. There's a shilling for you to buy lollypops with, and I wish it was another five-pound note, my dear."

The little crowd opened, and sobbing with despair, Janet dassed out from it, and went slowly down the street. What should she do? What should she do? Should she turn round and run away at once, and never face her aunt again? She stopped and looked back once after a minute or two, but three or four of the people who had gathered round her were still standing together in a knot, talking and watching her, and in face of them she had not courage to run away. If she tried to do it, would they not come after her, and bring her back? With their eyes upon her, it seemed to the child as if she had not power to do anything but go straight on; and yet how was she to go on and stand before her aunt?

I suppose the sound of her sobs went down the street ahead of her, for before she had reached her aunt's house Mrs. Mason came to the open door.

"Why, Janet!" she called out when she saw the child. "What are you going there for?" she exclaimed sharply, and seizing her as she came up by the shoulder. She looked over her from head to foot; seeing the convulsed face and the empty hand. "What have you done with the money?" she cried suddenly, in a voice that might have made one bolder than Janet quake.

The poor child shuddered at this and almost burst into a scream of terror. Before she could speak her aunt pulled her into the house. How she spoke or what she said even then she did not know; some few despairing words did come somehow from her lips, confused and half intelligible,—a desperate, heart-broken confession of the thing that had happened to her—and then they ended suddenly in another short, sharp cry as Mrs. Mason struck her.

I will not tell you how often the angry woman struck her; I don't care to describe to you all she said and did. She was in a passion, and hardly knew what she was about. She struck Janet as she was accustomed to strike her own boys, and she turned her out of doors in her fury when she had beaten her, just as she was accustomed to turn them out. You need not try to imagine the scene, for it was a bad and an ugly one. Let us pass over it, and get to the end of it,—to the moment when poor little Janet found herself pushed out into the street again, and the door slammed in her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

A FARMER I WILL BE.

I am a hale and hearty boy,
  As one would wish to see,
And often, though a little chap,
  I think, what shall I be
Mechanic, merchant, sailor,
  Ah, none of these for me.

CHORUS :

If ever I should be a man. If ever I
  Should be a man. A farmer, a farmer,
A farmer, I will be. A farmer a farmer,
  A farmer, I will be.

All scenes of nature I admire,
  None else so smiling seem,
The shady nook, the flewery grove
  And little silver stream ;
But those who lead a city life,
  These beauties seldom see.

I love to look at pleasant fields,
  I love the balmy breeze,
I love to hear the little birds,
  All warbling in the trees,
And those who live a country life,
  Such things as these may see.

I love to furrow up the ground,
  And cultivate the soil,
I love to see it springing forth,
  The good and luscious spoil;
For fields of wheat and corn, indeed,
  I dearly love to see.

I would not be a doctor,
  The sick to cure or kill;
I would not be a lawyer, no!
  To talk against my will;
I may not be a preacher,
  Tho' I like him of the three.

E. R.

WILD ROSE OF CAPE COD.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

Nearly all the roses in Massachusetts are born in June, but Wild, the little daughter of Captain John Rose, was born in December, and on Cape Cod, too.

Ah, what a struggle it is to live at all on Cape Cod in December. You have only a narrow strip of sand to cling to, and the Atlantic Ocean (even when it is not in a great rage) clutches away with one single wave of its watery hand an acre or two of sand, while the cold waters of Cape Cod Bay sweep right in on the other side, within sight, too; the arm of sand is so thin and worn and wasted away. Look on your map at the State of Massachusetts, and see if I am not right about it.

Well, on Cape Cod, as I said, Wild Rose was born; but that was twelve years ago, and so this last December was celebrated her twelfth birthday. It wasn't much of a celebration, to be sure, for there weren't many persons to celebrate it—only Mrs. Rose and Johnny and Wild herself, for Captain Rose was away on a fishing trip.

At tea that night there was upon the table a big loaf of ginger-cake—"frosted," too—and around about it—not on it, mind you—twelve small tallow candles. "Twelve dips," Johnny said, "that made most as much light as the Highland itself." And Johnny ought to know, for the keeper of Cape Cod light is a great friend of Johnny's, and often in summer lets the lad go up with him to see him "light up."

This Highland Light stands out on the bleak cape, and is oftentimes the first light that greets the sight of seamen when approaching the coast of New England from over the Atlantic Ocean.

Even in summer the wind blows so hard at the Highland that it blows the wings of young turkeys over their heads, and in winter it blows nobody knows *how* hard.

I'm quite certain that you have never seen a home like Wild Rose's home. It is hidden away in the very bottom of a big hollow in the sand, and is protected on all sides by a high fence to keep the sand from covering it up. In the first place the house had been built upon piles driven into the sand, but the fence was afterwards added, and outside of the fence was a barricade of seaweed. Over the stilts, fence, seaweed, and all was the fisherman's cabin, as snug and warm and comfortable as anything on Cape Cod could be. Not far away, on the Atlantic cost, was a Charity House, not a "poorhouse," where poor folks could go and live when they hadn't anywhere else to live, but a rude room inclosed by a rude outside, into which a poor shipwrecked mariner *might* crawl and possibly save himself from freezing to death until help should arrive. Wood and matches and straw are supposed to be kept in every Charity House along the coast.

Johnny Rose was two years younger than his only sister Wild, but a ten-year-old lad on Cape Cod knows more of the sea and ships and fishing than the wisest grown up in the world who lives inland.

The "Little Katie" was Captain Rose's fishing-schooner, and the "Little Katie" was frozen fast in the ice more than six weeks ago, right in sight from the land up the bank above the cabin. Two weeks passed by, and still the ice held the fishing-boats and would not let them go. Stout little steam-tugs went rasping away with firm bows and good intent at the ice day after day in order to break it up and tow the boats out of danger, but the cold came down stronger than ever and knit the ice cakes firmer and firmer. Every day, Johnny bundled up until he looked like, I don't know what, made the toilsome journey over to the Highland to look through the "glass" at his father's schooner, and every night for two weeks, with a face on fire from the friction of the wind, he came back with the good news, "No signal up yet."

No signal up yet meant that there was still something left to eat and wood to burn on the "Little Katie," and hope also of getting free from the ice without sinking.

Now and then a neighbor came down into the hollow and walked right in without knocking at the cabin door, to enquire how Mrs. Rose was getting on, and to say, yet again, Cape Cod has seen harder times than this, Mrs. Rose. Keep up a stout heart, and we'll have the fleet safe into Providence harbor before many days." And then Mrs. Rose would put out a bright look and say, in a cheery voice, "Oh, I hope so," but in her heart she feared all things, for did she not know that every dwelling on Cape Cod had its widow, sooner or later?

At last there came a day when Mrs. Rose said that Wild might go to the Light with Johnny to learn the news.

The two children set off in high glee. The sky was clear, and the wind was blowing from the west. The Highland Light House was not more than a mile away, and what *could* happen to the children? Nevertheless Mrs. Rose gave them many commands. They were to return as soon as they found out what news from the "Little Katie," and if it should snow, they were to go back or forward, whichever way should be the nearer, and if near the coast, they were to go to the Charity House in the bank and wait there for rescue.

The wind helped them on their way, and, to write the exact truth, blew so hard and so fast that it came very near blowing them past the Light House over the high bank into the ocean.

"It's a tough day, a tough day, even for the Cape," said the light keeper when they reached the Light House, "and the boats have drifted, Johnny. For the life of me, I can't make out the 'Little Katie';" but Johnny made her out without the slightest difficulty. Of course he did! Does not every Cape Cod boy know his father's boat? More than all, there hung the signal of distress. The light-keeper saw it, and Wild looked at it, and Johnny looked again, and declared that, "Come what would, he'd get out there and find out what the matter was."

Then the "glass was put away, and they all went down, and the children, thoroughly warmed, started for home.

A little cloud over Cape Cod Bay grew and came nearer and spread out more and more, and at last began to drop down white like snow on the sand.

"Come! pitch into it as fast as you can while we can see," said Johnny, seizing Wild's hand and bowing to the wind. "We're three-quarters home, and we'll make it in no time."

It was not dark, and Johnny knew the sand-marks well. Here a bunch of poverty-grass and there a forlorn little clump of bayberry, whose outlines he knew just as he knew the outlines of the boats and sails, served to guide him when the air was thick with snow.

"We're lost!" said Wild, pulling back and trying to stop Johnny; but the sturdy little fellow declared that they weren't lost at all; didn't he know all about it? hadn't he "fogged" it many a time to the light and back? Why, there, right ahead, was a pole that he knew. Of course it was, right on top of home; and there was mother calling this minute, not fifty feet away.

All of which statements were quite true; and in five minutes they were safe in the cabin and had told their news from the ice-bound boats.

"Nothing to eat, maybe, and cold, perhaps. Not sick, I hope," said Mrs. Wild; and then in rather a dismal way, she set forth the little table for their evening meal.

"I should think you'd feel gladder about our getting home safe, mother," said Wild; "for just see how it snows."

"I am," said Mrs. Wild; "but I was thinking about some way to help your father."

"Do you think there is a way?" asked Wild. "You know the boats can't get there and the ice isn't safe."

"If I was God," said Johnny, "I'd fetch a big wind along that 'ud cracker that ice up small as fish-scales in no time."

"Yes, and sink every boat in no time!" suggested Wild, with scorn.

"Oh, dear!" said Johnny. "I guess I was in too much of a hurry; but something's got to be done!"

The wind had been blowing two hours after dark, and the snow and sand were whirling about in a long, long round dance, after the fashion of Cape Cod sand and snow, when Wild called out of the darkness to Johnny,

"Are you asleep?"

Johnny guessed he wasn't asleep, although he had been fast asleep when Wild's voice reached him, and wanted to know what was the matter.

"I've thought of a way, I guess, we can reach the 'Little Katie,' Johnny."

"How?"

Johnny was up in the bed, leaning on his hands, interested, in a moment.

"You know that big hank of net-twine of father's?"

"What of it?" with disappointment.

"Don't you believe 'twould reach?"

"Whose goin' to reach it, I should like to know?"

"When the wind blows right——"

"What then, Wild Rose? Are you talking in your sleep?"

"Send a kite over!" suggested Wild, not heeding the interruption.

"Whew!" exclaimed Johnny, sinking down into his warm bed again.

He didn't speak, and poor Wild thought he held her scheme in extreme derision; nevertheless, Johnny was thinking about it, even after his sister was sleeping.

The next day it snowed all day. There was no chance to hear one word from the fishing-fleet. Johnny declared that he *must* go to the nearest neighbor's house. He knew the way well enough; but it was after nine of the clock before he set forth.

Presently he returned with his friend, Peter Petit, and the two lads spent the morning, with barred door, in Captain Rose's net-room.

Wild peeped into the place when the boys were out of it eating their dinner, and beheld, to her amazement, the skeleton of a huge kite.

"Oh, Johnny! *are* you going to try it?" she cried, running out to him.

At first Johnny was vexed that she had found out, but in a minute or two he was all over the pet, and was in high glee when Wild and her mother also joined in the work. An hour before the sun went down across the Bay, the kite was done and the snow ceased to fall. It was too late to go to the Highland Light to see the signal on the "Little Katie;" it was too late to do anything with the kite, even had the wind been right.

The next morning the wind blew *just right*, and almost at break of day the boys set forth, accompanied by five or six men, for idlers are always to be found on Cape Cod in winter.

The kite was made of good stout paper, and it was covered with messages to the captain of the "Little Katie," or any other captain over whose boat it might chance to fall, or get entangled. The wind was off shore, and away went the kite, the men paying out the seine twine, but alas! the kite went high above the boats and did not reach them. It was cold work flying kite on the awful, ice bound shore, but the novelty of it brought a crowd of men to the spot. To their own surprise they entered into the work with spirit, but every attempt that morning failed. The kite fell short, or flew too high, or went off in the wrong direction.

"Run home, laddies, and get your dinner, and get warm clear through to your bones," said one of the men to Johnny and Peter about eleven of the clock, "and we'll see what can be done with the kite this afternoon."

When Johnny reached home he declared that he wasn't cold the least mite, nor hungry an atom, but he sat in front of a blazing drift-wood fire and ate like a giant, and got up to go to the coast again.

Wild didn't see why she couldn't go too. It was her father just as much as Johnny's, and she *guessed* she cared as much about the "Little Katie" as any of them did. And so Wild, bundled up until all resemblance to a twelve-year-old girl was lost, set forth toiling through the snow and sand to the coast. At a short distance in the rear Mrs. Rose followed on. It seemed to her, as she drew near the shore, that half the inhabitants of the next village were gathered to see the flying of a kite.

It was just ready to start on its over ice journey when Wild came upon the scene.

"Don't you see, there won't be anything to catch hold of?" she said to Johnny.

"Catch hold of?" repeated Johnny, who felt that he could not, in justice, despise Wild's suggestions any more.

"I'll show you," she said, "if you'll hold on a minute. Tie some long strings, now and then, near the kite, that will hang down."

The strings were tied on half a dozen of them at intervals, and away went the kite, with more "string to it" than any other kite ever flew.

"'Twon't reach! It flies too high! No go! Let out! Give it string! Hurrah!" as the kite seeming to meet wind in another current began to flutter, turn, and actually did fall on the ice within reaching distance of the "Little Katie's" crew.

Then such a shout as went up from Cape Cod shore, for was there not a line fast from one of the ice-bound boats to the firm old mainland, and did it not mean that bread at least could be drawn across the frozen sea to the famishing?

The men on the "Little Katie" were pulling in the kite, which looked a good deal worn, but still they gathered around it, and read in Johnny's boy-hand the words: "If you get the kite, don't pull in the string, for we'll put something to eat on it if you are hungry, and you can pull it over. Everybody's well over here. Wild and Johnny."

Captain Rose read the words, and then he and his crew tried to shout back, but the wind carried their voices across the Bay.

Within the next twenty-four hours the cord had been doubled, and food in small packages went along the novel road-way from hour to hour, until miles of seine twine lay on the deck of the "Little Katie" and many loaves of bread with small packages of "salt meat," sugar, tea and coffee, had been secured from the sea.

The next morning the wind blew again on Cape Cod. The inhabitants were on the watch for the kite, and, lo! it was seen rising on the air. On, on, it came. It sailed over the heads of the group on the shore, it went right across the "Wrist" of Cape Cod. It would have gone out upon the ocean, but for the Highland Lighthouse that caught and held the great fluttering bird of man.

Wild and Johnny were the first to reach the Light, and cry out, "What news?" to the keeper, who had just succeeded in recovering the poor battered kite.

"Come and see with your young eyes." Wild and Johnny found the words: "We had had nothing to eat for two days. Now, we'll weather the ice, God willing, and get in all right. We've supplied 'The Mary' from our store."

And there, right at the door, the first comers, who had followed the kite, were Mrs. Rose, and the friends of the men of "The Mary."

"Whose idee was the kite?" asked an old fisherman.

"Wild's," shouted Johnny.

"Johnny made it, though. I couldn't make a kite'" said Wild; but not a soul, save Johnny, heard her, for the wild air about the Light was ringing with the shout of "Long live Wild Rose, of Cape Cod!"—*Christian Union.*

A COMMONPLACE TRIAL.

With what a sigh of relief I sank into the worn old armchair by the nursery window, that cold November day!

I had just started the children off to school; found five lost hats and books innumerable; prepared five small lunch baskets; settled three fierce disputes, and kissed them all round.

Now, as I saw the five sturdy little figures disappearing down the hill, I sighed again, with a sense of peace and quietude not to be described. I was oppressed, however, with a guilty sort of feeling at the same time, that it should be such a pleasure to me to shut the hall door upon the little ones and spend the morning with no companion but my own thoughts, which were always tinged with a shade of sadness and bitterness when I was left alone. I knew the charm of solitude lay in my ability to live over in imagination the life of my childhood, taking a dreary sort of pleasure in comparing the luxuries of those days with the bare necessities of these.

That bleak November day, as I gazed with a rueful countenance at the big basket of unmended stockings, torn trowsers and ragged pinafores waiting my unwilling fingers to remedy defects, my thoughts were busy with the same old subject.

"I was never intended for a household drudge," I thought bitterly, as I took up a stocking of Teddy's and put my hand completely through the heel, "and yet my life is one series of endless duties that make it almost unbearable. Still, if I made paps comfortable and the children happy I could be content. It is this horrible sense of defeat, and just enduring from day to day, that is wearing out my youth and slowly killing me."

"It is your own fault," said Conscience; "you are interested in your own affairs and slight your real duties, leaving your work ill done and yourself dissatisfied."

Tears rose to my eyes (and I saw three holes in Teddy's stocking where there was only one) when I thought of the uncomfortable

breakfast that papa left untasted that morning, of the ceaseless chatter of the children, the soiled tablecloth, half washed dishes, and muddy coffee; all excused on the plea that Bridget had more than she could do.

"Then why not do it yourself?" said Conscience; and I had no answer to make.

Then I saw again papa's indignant face and heard his tired voice: "Christie, are you never going to learn how to take your mother's place, or am I always to find my home uncomfortable and the children uncared for?"

And what was my reply? "Am I always to be a slave, papa, and waste my youth washing dishes and minding children? Pray what is to become of my singing and Italian?" He said nothing and left the room; and I with a guilty feeling tugging at my heart, tried to make myself believe I had only spoken the truth and was entitled to do so. But my undutiful, sinful speech rang in my ears, and my better nature rose up against it.

"Poor papa!" I thought. "How hard he works and how little comfort he has! How grey and careworn he has become since mother died, and though he gave me money for a new quarter of singing and Italian he says the household expenses must still be reduced." For an hour I fought with myself, and at last my eyes seemed opened and I longed to begin upon the new line of conduct I sketched out for myself. My first act of self-denial was to start immediately for town, and, putting the money for the new quarters that papa had given me that morning in my purse, I called upon my teachers and informed them I must discontinue my lessons. Then feeling as though my last pleasure in life had gone, I stopped and purchased a hat for Teddy, books for Robbie, dish towels for Bridget, and many other useful articles which I knew we had been in need of for a long time, but had no means of procuring.

How I worked the rest of the day! And how wonderfully the old house brightened up under a little judicious care and management! Bridget and I washed the curtains in the sitting-room which had hung soiled and yellow so long that poor papa had asked if they were intended to be ornamental or strictly useful. I brought down the plants and bird-cage which had decorated my own room, and made many other changes, which, though slight in themselves, made a wonderful difference in the looks of what had always been so forlorn a room for a family to congregate in on a winter's night.

When all was done, I stood amazed, and contemplated the change a few hours' work and a little ingenuity had accomplished in the looks and comfort of the old house.

But there was a slight drawback to my pleasure, for Conscience kept whispering in my ear, "Why didn't this occur to you before? Instead of being wrapped up in your own affairs, why haven't you tried to make the house cheerful and your father comfortable?"

Neither did my efforts in this new line of conduct stop here, but, having prepared for the comfort of the outer, I took into consideration the inner man. After making a nice pudding, I set the table neatly and prettily, and told the astonished Bridget that it would be my duty hereafter to attend to it while she might devote the whole of her time and talent to the cooking.

When the children came home from school I combed and scrubbed them to such an extent that they asked if the minister or Walter Kingsley was coming to tea. I laughed and sighed in the same breath, for the innocent enquiry stung me more than any reproach.

"No, Janie," I said, "but sister is going to be good now and keep you always neat little girls. Papa don't like to see such untidy-looking children around him, and you must all help me and be good, too, and keep yourselves clean, and not all talk at once when papa comes home tired."

The promise was readily given, for children see as clearly as older people where there is trouble, and can be easily reasoned with. Finally, with bright faces, smooth hair and clean aprons, we descended to the transformed sitting-room, and I found, to my intense delight, their manner had improved to meet the occasion.

Never shall I forget the surprised look upon papa's face when he entered the cheerful, home-like room. The fire burned brightly, the snowy curtains were drawn close, and the birds and plants added such a pretty freshness to the scene. The evening paper, his slippers and dressing-gown took away from any "company look" it might have to his eyes, and when he found himself surrounded with his children looking happy and cared for, I saw his eyes fill with tears and his lips tremble.

Need I say I felt fully repaid for the sacrifices I had made? My trial proved such a success that I was never willing to go back to the old shiftless way of living. Still I fought many a fierce battle with myself before I could give up entirely old habits, and the burden at first was a heavy one to carry.

Far from thinking myself a household drudge now, I look upon the duties I perform for my loved ones from day to day as among my greatest privileges. And when papa puts his arm around me and calls me "Little Mother," I look back upon that dreary time and thank God for opening my eyes and giving me strength to bear the burden until it became light.—*Christian Union.*

BURNT FINGERS.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

There is an old proverb which says that "Burnt children dread the fire." The maker of the proverb wisely limited it to children, for it is certainly not applicable to adults. Everybody knows men and women who have burnt their fingers to the bone, and yet who will at the very first opportunity burn them again. There for instance is an impulsive, generous man, whose fingers have been burnt by false friends using them over and over again to pull their own roasted chestnuts out of the fire. He has bought worthless scrip of one, loaned money to another, become security for a third; he has been burnt each time, and yet he is just as ready as ever to become the prey of the cunning and the unprincipled.

Is the speculator ever warned by his losses? As one project fails, another, with "millions in it," takes the place. Is the gambler warned though the cards and the dice-box burn into his very heart? To the last stake he is quite sure that by some kind of legerdemain he is to be delivered from the consequence of his crime, and two and two made to count five in his behalf. Does not the drunkard fly to the wine cup though one bitter lesson after another has taught him that death is in it. The busybody is forever putting his hands into fires that do not concern him, and which by no possible effort he can control. Every one of us must indeed plead "guilty" in a greater or less degree to not sufficiently dreading the fire at which we have once been burnt.

If the cause of this persistence in evil was ignorance we might expect that experience would correct it; as it undoubtedly does errors in mental and mechanical labor. But the fault lies deeper, it is not ignorance as much as temperament. We are all apt to think that if we could only live our lives over again we should avoid the sins and mistakes into which we have fallen. But unless our organization was changed, this is very doubtful, for the gravitation of character is always naturally to its weakest points. There is certainly no doubt, but that, under favorable circumstances, experience teaches men, but the conditions of these lessons have no fixed rules, and the study of character never can be a written and positive science. To think that others will profit by our experience is almost as hopeless as to expect them to be nourished by what we have eaten.—*S. S. Times.*

FRED. DOUGLASS' ESCAPE.

In his lecture on "Reminiscences of Slavery and Anti-slavery," Mr. Douglass gives the following rehearsal of his own escape: "While slavery existed, I had good reasons for not telling the story of my escape from bondage, and now that the great trial is over, I do not know any good reason why I should not tell it. People generally imagined that it was a marvellous recital, but it is one of the most simple and common-place stories that could be given. I was owned in Talbot county, on the eastern shore of Maryland, in 1835, and a few years after that time made my escape. I had been sent up to Baltimore by my master to a brother of his for safe-keeping, but it was a strange movement to send me sixty miles nearer my liberty. When I determined on escaping, I looked about for a proper means to accomplish my purpose. At that time great vigilance was exercised by the authorities. Everybody was strictly watched, and if a slave were found outside the limits of his master's plantation, he would be liable to show by what right he was out of place. I was put to work in a shipyard, and commenced to learn the business of ship-carpetering and caulking. Here I had frequent intercourse with sailors, and in them I thought I discovered a feeling of sympathy and kindness. Although the difficulties and obstacles against escape were apparently insurmountable, I conceived an idea that I could secure my release by dressing in sailor's clothing and making a surreptitious retreat. But I had no papers by which I could pass from place to place. Fortunately, I met with a man named Stanley, who lived in Baltimore, and who was free. He resembled me in stature, and from him I obtained a suit of sailor's clothes, and his protection papers, and in this apparel, provided with the necessary articles, I, in September, 1838, secured my liberty. I got Isaac Rhodes to take my bundle, and, by arrangement, after the train started he threw it in, and I ran after and jumped on the car. If compelled to buy a ticket, it would have been necessary to undergo the most rigid examination, and all description in the papers must correspond exactly with the marks on my person. Accordingly, the scheme was carried on, and I soon arrived at Wilmington.

"Here I met Frederick Skein, for whom I had worked, but I was so perfectly disguised that he did not know me. In a few moments the train from Philadelphia, bound south, arrived, and on this was Capt. McGowan, of the Revenue Cutter, of Baltimore, whom I had known intimately, and who had also been acquainted with me, but he, too, had failed to recognize me. When the conductor came through the train he rudely called on all the passengers for tickets, but when he came to me, instead of speaking in an arrogant manner, told me kindly that he supposed I had my free papers. I responded in the negative, but his surprise was great, and his indignation not apparent, when I told him that my only pass was an American Eagle. Looking upon it, he stated that I was all right, and with this assurance I came through to Philadelphia, and proceeded to New York. I got there at two o'clock, and strayed about and slept in the streets until morning. I did not know that I had a friend there, but on the next morning I met Isaac Dixon, at whose house I had lived in Baltimore, and he referred me to David Ruggles, a philanthropist and generous-minded citizen. While in the city, where I remained several days, I visited the Tombs, and there I saw Isaac Hopper, who, for the great offence of assisting 'Tom,' a well known character, in making his escape, was undergoing trial."

Mr. Douglass kept this story secret a long time, because the conducter who allowed him to pass from Baltimore to Philadelphia would have been responsible to his master for the pecuniary extent of the loss sustained, and because he did not want to expose his friend Stanley, and because he did not want slaveholders to know that slaves had any methods of escape. His freedom, he said, was honorably purchased by British gold, $750 having been paid for him by a friend of his in England, and the negotiations having been conducted by the Hon. Wm. Meredith, of Philadelphia.—*Christian Patriot.*

DISCIPLINE IN SCHOOLS.

One teacher rules by a law as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians. He makes no allowance for difference of age or sex or temperament or home training. The single article of his creed is that discipline must be maintained. He has no smiles, no relaxation, no cordial greetings for his pupils, lest his authority may suffer. In his eyes a mistake is criminal, a laugh is flat treason. No sound disturbs the solemnity of that awful place. His school is orderly; but so is the penitentiary. Everything is silent, but it is the silence of the grave. It is all, as Mr. Mantalini would say, "one demd horrid grind." His pupils may fear him, but they hate him. He has no art or device by which to catch their sympathy, arouse their enthusiasm, inspire them with grand and noble purposes. He fails entirely of the highest prerogative of the true teacher—that of stamping his own impress and seal upon his pupils for all time. He sends them forth at last abject, spiritless creatures, or, if they have any rebound, disposed to transgress and defy any law, human or divine, except when restrained by fear.

This kind of school discipline, too, like the rigid method of teaching, is passing away. With the more modern teacher all is love. He loves all his pupils, from the frowzy six-year-old boy to the big girls on the back seats. He gushes, he runs over with love. He sets up no standard of right, in any case, to which the ill-disposed or unruly must come. He coaxes and flatters his pupils, and is inclined to toady parents and the school board. He desires to succeed, and his effort is to govern, provided he can do it by love; if he cannot, he lovingly submits to have the school govern him. Out upon such sickly, wisy-washy, sentimental nonsense. That teacher is weak who desires any love from pupils not founded upon sincere respect for him as a man and a scholar, and a fearless executive of just and needful regulations. No true boy of spirit will feel anything but pity and contempt for such an invertebrate teacher as I have described.

There is no need of either of these extremes in government. The teacher can be just, without being morose; fearless in doing his duty, and yet kind and genial; strict in requiring obedience, and yet swift to do pleasant things for those under his charge.—*Michigan Teacher.*

THE EXASPERATING SCHOLAR.

There are very few teachers who have not had their patience tried by what may be denominated "the exasperating scholar." The exasperating scholar is certainly very trying, and the worst of it is, that the methods of no two of them are alike. Some of them exasperate by their restlessness or their stolidity, or their inattention, or their predilection for tricks, malicious or otherwise, or by their insensibility to all appeals to their feelings or principles—in fine, in a multitude of ways. Now it is a great mistake to get out of patience with the exasperating scholar, at least to let him see that such is the case. As the boys would say, "That would be nuts to him." It is a still greater mistake to give him up as incorrigible. No teacher has a right to do this. He has a special duty to perform to the scholar—namely, to strive to make him better. If all children were cherubs there would be no need of Sunday-schools, and the teachers would have no occupation. It is just because children are the reverse of cherubs that we have Sunday-schools and need teachers. So there must be no such thing as giving up a scholar because he is bad, or intractable, or exasperating—for that is the very sort we most need to reach. The true way is to find out the tender spot in the child's disposition, and by wisely touching it to reach his better feelings. This may require much time and close observation and discreet manipulation, but it will pay for the trouble. It may be set down as a universal truth, that everybody has a soft or tender spot somewhere. Now the duty of the physician—for the teacher is a physician in a sense—is to find this tender spot. This found, the victory is half won already.

Once, when talking of "exasperating scholars" to an experienced teacher, he said: I have been much tried with such in the course of my life. Sometimes the exasperating qualites of a lad are exhibited in one way and sometimes in another. Indeed, I never knew them to be twice alike. But one thing—or perhaps I should say two things—I have found to be invariably true, namely, that nothing could be accomplished by complaining, or scolding, or trying to drive the offender: and that there was always some way to reach him and effect a cure, if it only be found out. My plan has ever been to find out this way as soon as possible, and thus save both time and worry.—*From the Christian Intelligencer.*

SELECTIONS.

— The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

— A little fellow who was at a neighbor's house about noon the other day watched the preparations for dinner with a great deal of interest, but when asked to stay and eat something he promptly refused. "Why, yes, Johnny, you'd better stay," said the lady; "why can't you?" "Well, 'cause," said the little fellow, "ma said I musn't unless you ask me three times." They invited him twice more right off.

— A French money-lender, complaining to the late Baron Rothschild that he had lent a nobleman ten thousand francs who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the Baron said, "Well, write to him and ask him to send you the seventy thousand francs he owes you." "But he only owes me ten," said the money-lender. "Precisely," rejoined the Baron; "and he will write and tell you so, and you will thus get his acknowledgment."

— A gentleman who was seated in a crowded horse car on the Sixth avenue resigned his place in favor of a pale, slender, woman who carried a large child in her arms, and was being jostled this way and that with the motion of the car. To the gentleman's surprise, a burly individual took the seat before the lady could reach it. "I meant this lady to have my seat," said the gentleman, angrily. "Vell," replied the other, settling comfortably back in his seat, "dat lady ish my vife!"

— A novel clock has recently been placed in the tower of the Albany (N. Y.) Savings Bank. By an ingenious arrangement the dial is illuminated by a gas burner, lighted automatically at early evening twilight, and extinguished at daylight. This is accomplished by means of the mechanism itself without the attention of any person; and what is still more wonderful, although the time of daylight varies very greatly from month to month, the clock lights the gas at precisely the proper time from day to day.

— Formerly, in Sweden, the penalty for various degrees of murder was death, and the law was rigorously enforced. Of late the king has been accustomed to commute death sentence to imprisonment for life, but homicides have increased so alarmingly, that he has recently refused to exercise this clemency and is allowing the murderers to meet their doom. To all pleas for the abolition of capital punishment we may continue to give the old response: "Yes, but let the murderers begin."

A PERILOUS FEAT.—"Atlas," in his note in the London *World*, says: "A friend who was on board the 'Poonah' on her last outward voyage informs me that Blondin, who was among the passengers on his way to Melbourne, created immense excitement by performing a feat hitherto unattempted even by him. The 'Hero of Niagara' walked along a rope stretched from the main to the mizzen mast 120 feet long, at a height of sixty feet. The motion of the engine and the swaying of the vessel made this a difficult operation, especially as the rolling at the great height was much more perceptible than on deck. When Blondin descended to receive the congratulations of those who saw him perform this unique feat he was quivering and perspiring from sheer excitement, and his face was deadly pale. He exclaimed, 'Well, I've done it—I knew it was to be done, but I have never attempted anything like it before!'"

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—David flees from Jerusalem because of Absalom's rebellion; is cursed by Shimei, of Saul's house; crosses over Jordan; Hushai, David's friend, defeats the plans of Ahithophel, and delays Absalom's attack on David; David organizes his forces for battle, and Absalom is defeated and slain.

LESSON XII.

MARCH 19.] ABSALOM'S DEATH. [About 1021 B. C.]

READ 1 Sam. xviii. 24-33. RECITE v. 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death.—Prov. xi. 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Disgrace follows disobedience.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Sam. xviii. 1-33. *T.*—Ps. xxxv. 1-28. *W.*—2 Sam. xvii. 1-24. *Th.*—1 Sam. iv. 1-18. *F.*—Judg. v. 2-31. *Sa.*—2 Sam. xv. 24-37. *S.*—Ps. cxliv. 1-15.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The events in this lesson took place near Mahanaim, east of the Jordan, and where Jacob met the angels. Gen. xxxii. 2. See how terribly and swiftly Absalom is punished for his pride and rebellion, and what grief it brings to his father.

NOTES.—*Two gates*, of the city of Mahanaim. At the gateway of walled cities the walls were made unusually strong, and often there was a double wall, an outer and an inner wall, and to each wall a gate. In the room thus made David probably "sat between the two gates." *Porter.* The duty of the porter was to open and close the gates. See 2 Kings vii. 10. *Joab*, oldest son of David's sister Zeruiah, and one of David's greatest warriors. *Cushi*, a man of Cush, or Ethiopia, a swift runner. These runners then filled the place of mails and telegraphs. *Chamber over the gate*, a room over the place where David first sat (v. 24). It was a retired place.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.(I.) THE NEWS FROM THE BATTLE. (II.) DAVID'S LAMENT.

I THE NEWS FROM THE BATTLE. (24.) sat, anxiously waiting for news; **two gates** (see Notes); (25.) **tidings**, news; **apace**, with haste, quick. (27.) **porter** (see Notes): **running alone**, as a messenger. (27.) **Methinketh**, or (Heb.) "I see thee running," etc. (28.) **All is well**, or (Heb.) "Peace be unto thee;" **fell down**, after the Eastern custom of showing respect to men of rank; **king's servant**, perhaps Cushi, but the better reading is, "When Joab, the king's servant, sent me, thy servant" (*Speaker's Com.*); **tumult**, a noisy crowd. (32.) **be as that young man**, which meant that Absalom was dead.

I. Questions.—Into how many parts did David divide his forces for battle? v. 2. State the names of his three generals. Why did David not go into battle? v. 3. What charge did he give about Absalom? v. 5. Which army gained the victory? How was Absalom caught? By whom slain? Where was David during the battle? v. 24. Name the two messengers bringing news to him. What did the first say? What did the king ask about Absalom? What reply did Ahimaaz make? What news did Cushi bring? What did he say about Absalom?

II. DAVID'S LAMENT. (33.) **much moved**, very sorrowful; **chamber over the gate** (see Notes); **wept**, over his erring son; **died for thee**, so great was his grief and his love for his son.

II. Questions.—How did David receive the news of Absalom's death? With what feelings? Where did he go to mourn for him? Recite verse 33. How do Christian parents now feel when their sons go into wicked ways? How would they feel if such sons were to die in their sins?

LESSON XIII.

MAR. 26.] REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land; when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.—Ps. xxxvii. 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God is with us as we are with him.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Sam. xv. 1-35. *T.*—1 Sam. xvi. 1-13; xviii. 32-51. *W.*—1 Sam. xviii. 1-16; xx. 35-42. *Th.*—1 Sam. xxiv. 1-16; xxvi. 5-22. *F.*—1 Sam. xxxi. 1-13. *Sa.*—2 Sam. vi. 1-15; vii. 18-29. *S.*—2 Sam. xv. 1-14; xviii. 24-33.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The twelve lessons which we are now to review all centre about David; for even Saul is rejected, and finally slain, to make way for David as king over Israel. They cover a period of about forty-five to forty-eight years.

It will give a clearer view of this portion of the history to look back over the whole history of Israel from the time of leaving Egypt, and notice that Moses and Joshua were appointed as rulers by the Lord, and guided the na- [illegible] as he taught them to do; when the nation aimed by [illegible] God at Joshua's death, their rulers were judges, [illegible] up from time to time, to deliver the [illegible] greatest oppressions; but these rulers [illegible] tribes at one time, so that af- [illegible] united together as a na- [illegible] forsaken [illegible] whom God [illegible] people from the [illegible] seldom ruled over all [illegible] to Joshua, Israel was not [illegible]

tion until the days of Samuel. As these leaders and judges were raised up and delivered the people under the special direction of God, the government was called a theocracy—that is, "God-governed." When Saul was chosen king and God rejected, the government was changed to a monarchy (rule by one man), similar to the heathen nations. 1 Sam. viii. 5.

REVIEW QUESTIONS AND TOPICS.

The lessons may be well re-examined in three groups.

Plan of review.—(I.) A KING WITHOUT A KINGDOM [Lessons I.-V.] (II.) A KING GAINING HIS KINGDOM [Lessons VI.-IX.]. (III.) A KING MAINTAINING HIS KINGDOM [Lessons X.-XII.].

About whose life do the past twelve lessons centre? State the event with which they begin. The one with which they end. The probable length of time they cover. How many years before Christ did these events take place? How was Israel ruled in the wilderness? How governed on entering Canaan? How after Joshua's death? Who was the last judge? Why was the form of government changed? Who was the first king? How chosen? Who was grieved at the people because they desired a king? What was Samuel to tell the people about the king's rule? 1 Sam. viii. 10-18. Why did they still desire a king? 1 Sam. viii. 20.

I. Questions.—Give the title of the first of the past twelve lessons. Why was Saul rejected? How had he sinned? How did he seek to escape punishment? 1 Sam. xv. 12-21. How was he detected in his lie? How reproved.

From what family had God selected a new king? Who was commanded to anoint him king? What excuse did Samuel make? What order did he then receive? Which of the sons of Jesse did he think God had chosen? How did he find out his mistake? Upon what did God look in making a choice? Where was the new king found? What came upon David at that time?

What champion defied the armies of Israel? For how many days? 1 Sam. xvii. 16. Who offered to meet him? How did the king arm David? Why did he put Saul's armor off? How did he arm himself? In whose strength did he go? With what result?

Why was David wanted at Saul's court? How did Saul first honor him? Why afterward hate him? Why did Saul not kill David?

How did Jonathan warn David? Where? How did they show their love of each other?

II. Where did David hide from Saul? 1 Sam. xxiv. 3. Why did David spare Saul? How did Saul know that David had spared his life? State his reproof of Saul. Against whom did Israel fight in Gilboa? Which gained the victory? Who were slain in battle? How did Saul die? Why did he kill himself?

Where did David first rule as king? Over what portion of Israel? How long? 2 Sam. v. 5. How was he made king over all Israel? Where? Where and how long did he reign over all Israel?

Give titles of Lessons IX. and X. Where was the ark? How long had it been there? How did they attempt to bring it to Zion? Who was struck dead on the way? What for? How had God commanded the ark to be carried? Num. vii. 9. In whose house was it then left? How finally brought to Zion?

III. What did David propose to build for God? See 2 Sam. vii. 2. Who forbade him? Why? Upon whom did David rely to establish his kingdom? What did he plead with God to do for him?

Which of David's sons planned a rebellion? State how he began it. Where? What did he first long for? 2 Sam. xv. 4. Where did he ask to go? Who went out with him? Who joined him from Giloh? Whither did David flee? Why?

Where did Absalom's and David's armies meet? How was Absalom slain? How did David get the news? What effect had it upon him? How did he mourn for Absalom?

Which of these lessons teach us:

(1.) The danger of disobeying God?

(2.) The blessings of serving and trusting God?

(3.) The value of true friendship?

(4.) The true way to show kindness to an enemy?

(5.) The importance of supporting the worship of God?

(6.) The danger of being envious of others?

(7.) The end of a disobedient son?

Illustration.—*End of Ambition.* Notice the end of four of earth's most ambitious and perhaps greatest rulers: (1.) Alexander, weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer, died in a drunken debauch. (2.) Hannibal, having filled three bushels with gold rings of conquered princes, died unknown in a foreign land by taking poison. (3.) Cæsar conquered eight hundred cities, and having slain a million of his foes died by the dagger of his best friend. (4.) Napoleon, the scourge of Europe, died a captive on the rocky island of St. Helena.

DAVID without a kingdom, gaining his kingdom, maintaining his KINGDOM.

THE PRIZES.

Our prize campaign for this season has been ended. At first it appeared as if the prizes would cost more than the total amounts received in competition, and in one instance there were not competitors enough to claim all the premiums. But the competition ending January 7th has entirely exceeded our expectations. There were three hundred and seventy competitors, and the total amount sent in was $5,749.40. Doubtless a very large proportion of this would have been remitted without the inducement of the prizes, but still it represents a very large increase of new subscribers. We are glad to recognize the motive of most of the competitors as expressed in their letters. It is almost invariably, "I want to see everybody take the WITNESS, NEW DOMINION MONTHLY or MESSENGER." The prize has been generally regarded as a sort of excuse for working. No such excuse, however, is needed. We depend almost entirely upon our friends for the increase of the circulation of our publications. At present, after all the names of those who have not renewed their subscriptions have been cut off, we have on our lists 27,150 names for the WEEKLY WITNESS against 17,300 last year. The list is also increasing daily The circulation of the MESSENGER is 45,000 against 19,000 this time last year. This gives us very great encouragement, and we hope that the same proportion of increase will be continued. The following is the list of successful competitors for the last competition:—

		Prize.	Am't rec'd.
1. H. W. Hunt,	Ont.	$50	$155 62
2. J. Crichton,	Que.	40	142 80
3. R. Phillips,	Ont.	30	114.50
4. Mrs. A. McDougall,	"	20	100.00
5. G. McFarlane,	"	5	84.95
6. J. Leslie,	"	15	79.40
7. W. F. Newcombe,	N. S.	10	79.25
8. J. A. Martin,	Ont.	10	72.15
9. P. Ewing,	"	5	70.35
10. L. Reynolds,	N. S.	5	62.35
11. S. T. Draper,	Ont.	5	61.45
12. D McDonald,	N. S.	5	60.00

The prizes were mailed to successful competitors on the 28th February.

—We print 50,000 copies of the MESSENGER this issue. This but two thousand more than last number, but we think that, as was expected, the subscription list will be 60,000 before the beginning of the fall campaign.

— Any readers of this paper who live in a neighborhood where the MESSENGER is not taken in their Sunday-school can greatly oblige us by sending us the name of the superintendent and minister, or whoever is most likely to take an interest in the supply of literature. Sample copies for examination and distribution will then be sent.

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